

Fashawn

"Halfway Crooks"

Visit "[Halfway Crooks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Assassin, nigga it's F, nigga it's F
Nigga

Black mask and it's the season
Motherfucker, I don't get mad, I get even
Burning the devil, let us out the garden, he eating
20 deep in the park, porting my hitters
We all here, grizzly game playing your part bears
I support the right to arm bears
Mom stares, I lift you out your launch air
Nigga, just keep it calm, when the don's near
And this is cloud rap, off a loud pat
Committin, foul acts with a wild batch, ah
A chain snatchin, game havin,
Crown figures, you know my nigga

You's a halfway crook, pokin bitches on facebook
Yeah, the same lame get his chain took
Ah, the same lame get his chain took
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks

Niggas say that I graduated from schemin
Well maybe not, still california dreamin
The parkin lot's full of impalas and beamers
A couple yachts, bitches follow with my seamen
A shoe box full of dollars for no reason
I'm a problem, just believe it
I'm bombing like I'm bullimic, over something
supersonic
Kinda ...procedures

Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks
Halfway crooks, halfway crooks, halfway crooks

Visit [Fashawn](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

